

# REGISTER

Boston Latin School



December 1958

Abraham



# Schola Latina Bostoniensis REGISTER



VITA SINE • LITTERIS • MORS EST

*Winter Issue*

VOLUME LXXVIII

NUMBER I

DECEMBER 1958

Published 3 times a year by the students of the Boston Latin School,  
Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy-five cents per year; by mail two dollars. Contributions solicited from undergraduates. Contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written on one side of the paper only. Contribution will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

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# CONTENTS

## STORIES AND ARTICLES

In Memoriam — Lee J. Dunn	5
A Useless Passion	6
Sunrise	9
What's All This About a Recession?	10
Stick to Jealous Wives, Socrates	11
The Voice	15
Have a Raisin?	16
Assassination	17
W . . . The Unknown	18
An Interview with Dr. Harold C. Case	19

## VERSE

Sunset	10
The Charge of the Lunch Brigade	29
Reflections at Night	31

## EDITORIALS

27

## SPORTS

22

## FEATURES

Varsity Football Squad of 1958	20
Reviews	28
Something of Interest	30
Lords and Masters	32
R. R. R.	33



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## *In Memoriam — Lee J. Dunn*



*Lee Joseph Dunn was born on June 2, 1907, in Dorchester. He attended Boston Latin School and graduated in 1924 as secretary of his graduating class. He attended Boston University, State Teachers' College, and Harvard Graduate School in succession. During this period, he worked in the Main Branch of the Boston Public Library, where he gained valuable experience as a librarian. For over twenty-five years he was senior advisor to the boys of Latin School. During his tenure here, he was appointed supervisor of the College Board Examinations. Mr. Dunn was secretary of the Latin School Alumni Association, a member of the Harvard Club, the Knights of Columbus, the National Association of Secondary School Masters, and the speakers' staff of the Holy Name Society. At Latin School, Mr. Dunn sponsored the Camera Club for many years.*

When the death of Lee J. Dunn occurred last June, a life of dedication to the boys of Latin School ended. This gregarious, affable, extremely likable man imprinted on the history of Latin School a record which may never be emulated. His duties were those of senior advisor and librarian; but these titles told little of his constant endeavors for the school.

During the past three decades, Mr. Dunn enabled thousands of boys to obtain a college education. Unselfishly, he strived to attain for graduates opportunities for receiving scholarships and other considerations. Many of our alumni owe to this great man a debt of gratitude for his untiring efforts on their behalf.

Who knew better than he, the needs of the student? Who sought to realize the problems facing the undergraduate, nearing the completion of his studies and approaching the next important step in his education? But for even deeper reasons we all remember some contact with this man who was our benefactor. We cannot easily forget his understanding in our times of stress and confusion, his insight into our problems.

The graduating classes of '56 and '57 boasted one hundred per cent enrollment of the two classes in colleges. This is perhaps the finest tribute to his memory.

The passing of time will never dim the memory we have of Mr. Dunn. This man, this *tradition* of our school, will live forever in our hearts as one who gave the utmost for his students.

Let us pause one moment in our various paths of life and offer to him our prayers of thanks.

# A Useless Passion

B. MELNICK '58

HE was a rebel — he broke every pattern he could. He was only sixteen when he broke his first pattern. Though I was only eight at the time, I remember it clearly.

It was mid-March, but it was the first spring day of the year. The sun had lost its wintry glare, it was warm and soft; the patches of snow in the streets had begun to melt; the bare branches were moving slowly in the breeze; the air even smelled of spring. I ran home from school that day.

Later, I went out into the street to play tag football; but I wanted to be with Dick that afternoon, and I began to watch for him. He usually came home from the high school about three o'clock, and at four, when I still hadn't seen him, I left the football game and went to his house.

His mother answered my knock. "Hello, Mrs. Roberts," I said. "Is Dick home yet?" Suddenly I noticed that she looked pale and tired.

"Dick . . . has gone away," she said. "He won't be back for a long time." Then, after an awkward pause, "I don't know when he'll be back."

"Oh," I said, "Uh, thank you." Then I left.

Three months later the Robertses moved away.

Dick didn't write me, and I heard nothing of him for almost four years. Then, one day at Christmas-time, when my family and I were visiting my aunt and uncle, I began to browse through a magazine my cousin had brought back from college. I came upon this poem.

*the march of the automatons*

*R. Z. Roberts*

*empty men, empty women*

*held in their orbits by artificial gravity*

*revolve around nothing.*

*the OCEAN OF EXPERIENCE lies*

*just outside their orbit.*

*but they refuse to deviate from their ordered path.*

*the ocean, a virgin world, GRIES OUT to be explored.*

*they*

*do*

*not*

*hear.*

*from the ocean's depths emerges a single  
GLARING ray of truth.*

*they*

*do*

*not*

*see.*

*feeling neither pleasure nor pain,*

*they continue to walk in their tiny cosmological circle,*

*and*

*do*

*not*

*care.*

I didn't understand the poem, but I was excited by the author's name. How many R. Z. Robertses could there be? I wrote to the magazine, learned the author's address, wrote to him, and, two weeks later, received a letter from Dick.

He was working as a mechanic in Chicago, but was tired of Chi and was leaving for California in a month. He would write me when he arrived there.

His first few letters were mostly trivia: descriptions of San Francisco, of his job (waiter in an Italian restaurant), of his rooming-house, and questions about me, and about Boston in general. Soon, however, the tone of our letters began to change.

I wrote Dick a long letter about the merits of the classics, and included a few sentences in Latin (I was then in the middle of my first year at B. L. S., and was very proud of my Class VI achievements). Dick replied that the only virtue of the Latin language was that it helped in learning Greek; he pointed out a mistake that I had made in my Latin and explained that he had learned both languages on his own; he said that the experience of reading Euripides' *Bacchae* in the original was worth all the effort of learning Greek. After reading that letter, I obtained a volume of Euripides' works in translation, but finding the plays dull and, for the most part, incomprehensible, I soon abandoned the book.

We wrote to each other for about a year, exchanging cynical ideas about Plato, the Latin School, and politics. Then, in late March, Dick wrote that he was leaving San Francisco. He said that he would be traveling for a while but that he would



write me as soon as he settled anywhere.

That was in November. I had no word from Dick for several months, and by spring I had almost forgotten him.

Then, one carefree day in mid-June, I came home from school and bounded up the stairs to my house. As I turned my key in the lock, a man clapped me on the shoulder and spoke my name. Startled, I spun around.

The man's appearance did little to relieve my apprehension. He was tall and gaunt and in great need of a haircut. He wore dungarees, faded and patched, a tattered tee-shirt, and sported what appeared to be an untrimmed goatee.

"Who are you?" I finally stammered.

"I'm Dick! Who do you think I am? How are you, kid?"

"Dick!" I said, extending my hand, "How are you? Come on inside."

I opened the door and entered the house. Dick picked up a battered brown suitcase and followed.

The shades were drawn, and the house was cool and dark. For hours we sat and talked. I knew that Dick didn't like to talk about himself, but I couldn't keep from questioning him. I finally found that he had been working in New York as a bartender, and that he had decided to hitch-hike up to Boston for a day or two before leaving for Mexico.

Eventually my parents returned from work. We ate dinner, and then Dick asked, "What's this Arts Festival I've been hearing about?"

"Oh," I said, "it's a show they've got set up on the Common. Basically, it's just a lot of modern painting. Then they've got an outdoor stage set up, and there are poetry readings, and plays and all that sort of stuff."

"Think I'll take it in tonight," he said. "Want to come?"

"Why not?"

When we left the house, it was dusk, warm and fragrant. As we stood waiting for a bus, I felt a strong kinship with Dick. I wanted very much to ask him why he was what he was, but I didn't want to appear childish. Dick had always treated me an as adult, and I was terribly afraid of ever seeming a child to him. Instead, I asked if he liked modern art. He said he did, and once more we stood in silence.

It was dark when we reached the Common. The night had become thick and very still, and the inky darkness was broken only by the lights from the tents.

The night awed me, as did the strange people who exhaled exotic gusts of pipe-smoke.

Dick went immediately to the picture-tents, leaving me to listen to Archibald MacLeish read his poetry from the outdoor stage. When Dick returned, he was accompanied by another man, also tall, gaunt, and clad in dungarees. Dick introduced him as Jack Arton, a friend of his from Detroit. After shaking hands with me and making a face at MacLeish, Jack suggested that we go over to Scollay Square for a few drinks.

After a short walk down Tremont Street, we entered a small tavern filled with the sounds of poor jazz and loud conversation. Although I declined Jack's offer of a drink, I bought a pack of cigarettes and smoked them awkwardly.

For over an hour and a half we sat at a small table while Dick and Jack discussed music, women, art, and mutual friends. Around midnight the conversation turned to literature. Jack said that he was working on a new novel and asked us if we would like to go to his room to see the manuscript. Seeing that Dick wanted to go, I assented, and we left for Columbus Avenue.

Dick and I read the novel, and Dick and Jack talked about it. Although to me the novel seemed a senseless conglomeration of unrelated words, Dick praised it almost reverently, repeating over and over, "It penetrates to the essence."

We left Jack's a little before two. I felt closer to Dick than ever before, and I asked, "Dick, why do you act the way you do?"

"What do you mean by 'the way I act'?"

"Well, *you* know. You *do* act . . . differently, traveling around and everything."

"Yes," he said, "I guess I do travel a lot." Then he said, "I try to explain it in my poetry. Have you ever read any of it?"

"Yes, some of it, but I really don't think I understand it."

He smiled gently, somewhat paternally, and said, "Don't worry kid, you'll understand it — and very soon, I think."

When we reached my house I decided not to go to school the next day and didn't set the alarm-clock. I awoke at one and found that Dick had already left.

About a month later, Dick wrote me from Mexico. I wrote back, and we continued to correspond.

Meanwhile, I was growing. Over the summer I shot up four inches and began

to shave. When I entered Class IV in the fall, I considered myself quite a man. Later that fall I began to read the poetry of Robert Frost and Thomas Gray. I studied the works of Spinoza; and for the first time in my life I understood why people call Shakespeare a genius.

Inflated with my new acumen, I began to think less and less about Dick — I felt that I had entered a great new world, a world of which he was totally ignorant. The intervals between my letters became longer, and soon I stopped writing altogether. Since Dick was not the type to write without being written to, our correspondence ended.

This state of mind continued for almost two years, but it was not to last. Eventually I made the painful discovery that I was far from being a man and that there were other philosophers than Spinoza. I read Kant, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, Freud and Dostoyevsky; I began to read T. S. Eliot and gained an understanding of modern poetry; I discovered Thomas Wolfe and Henry Miller. I had entered another new world, a troubled world — Dick's world — and now I understood Dick without even having to read his poetry.

In anguish at having broken off correspondence with Dick, I began to read the "little" magazines, hoping to find some news of him. I became something of an expert on *avant-garde* literature, but I learned nothing of Dick.

Then, one day in mid-March, as I scanned the table-of-contents of *The Prophet*, a poorly-printed quarterly, I came upon Dick's name. Quickly I turned to page forty-nine and found an essay entitled, *Human Freedom and Personality*. I read the editor's introduction.

"Last November, R. Z. Roberts, one of the most promising poets of his generation, was found dead of pneumonia in his room in Denver. Among his papers was found the manuscript of this essay which perhaps accounts for his recent literary silence. Although we have all been deeply saddened by Dick's death, the editors of *The Prophet* are proud to print this essay, which we consider one of the most significant of the century."

Dazed, I went on to read the essay.

Dick began by contrasting the motto of the ancient Greeks, "Know thyself," with

the motto of today's bohemians, "Be yourself." After pointing out the affinity between these two mottos, Dick wrote, "As soon as man *knows* himself, he realizes that he is incapable of *being* himself."

He then turned to psychology. He spent little time on psychoanalytic theory, saying that it assumed a determinism which, of itself, deprives man of the freedom to be himself.

Then he passed on to a discussion of those psychologies which hold that man is free. After a long, abstract discourse Dick summarized: "Each man is free to choose what part he will play, but whatever part he chooses, he can never be himself, he can only play a part."

He concluded the essay: "Basically there can be only two theories of psychology, one postulating determinism, the other assuming human freedom. Inherent in the determinist psychology is the thesis that man cannot be what he *is*, but that he can be only what he is *made*. The second theory, by reducing man to the freedom to *choose himself*, also repudiates the doctrine that man can *be* himself. Thus one of the great humanistic traditions of the past, the belief that, through a process of introspection, man can achieve his fulfillment by stripping away superficialities and becoming himself, is found to be a falsehood. 'Man is a useless passion.'"

I closed the magazine. Overwhelmed by a chaotic surge of emotions, I stood up and began to walk back and forth. I wanted to reread the essay, analyze it, think about it; I wanted to run outside and walk the streets for hours; I wanted to jump off a bridge.

I continued to pace the floor of my bedroom. Then I walked to my desk and paused. Finally I picked up a Latin book and I sat down to study — I had remembered that the college boards were only three days away and that I had work to do.

That was two years ago. I'm very busy these days and I don't have much time to think of Dick. But sometimes, in the fall, when, in my Ivy League sportcoat and gray flannels, I wander late at night among the lonely trees of the Harvard Yard, or in June, when I walk through the warm night air of the Boston Arts Festival, I stop. I light a cigarette, and I inhale the smoke, and I exhale it, and I remember Dick.

## Sunrise

HARRY MOVITZ '59

HEMMIUS, self-proclaimed king of the Greeks, mighty Hemmius, victor of twelve wars, mad Hemmius, murderer of thousands, slowly awoke from a troubled sleep. Raising his great hulk, he sat up and looked around the dark, dreary room.

The curtains over the lone window were still drawn. Tables were overturned, and pottery lay, smashed on the floor — a reminder of Hemmius's latest rage.

"Lemes!" bellowed the king to his faithful servant, "Lemes, where are you?"

Slowly a dark figure entered the room. "I am here, my lord," said Lemes. "I am glad to see my lord well. Does my master want me to help him dress?"

"No, Lemes," answered the king softly, "I feel troubled. I have ordered many people to death, but about this latest one . . . tell me, Lemes, do you think he was in truth a messenger from the gods?"

Without giving Lemes time to answer, the king, quickly changing his unpredictable mood, answered his own question: "No, it matters not; he had the audacity to order me, mighty Hemmius, to end my wars. He made a fool of me in front of my men, called me false warrior, madman, butcher. No, Lemes, I was right, he deserved to die."

Suddenly, his mood again changed, Hemmius began to weep. "Oh, Lemes, help me, as you have so often helped me before. I was wrong. I have incurred the wrath of the gods, Zeus himself."

Lemes, rushing to his master's side, tried to comfort him. "You needn't worry, master, he is not dead."

"Not dead?" questioned Hemmius; "then he has escaped." Pushing himself out of bed, the king began to pace the floor. "So, he is only mortal. Else why would he have fear of dying? Else why would he have escaped?"

"No master, he is still in the citadel," said Lemes.

"Then why is he not dead?" roared Hemmius. "Last night I ordered that he



Abraham

was to die when the first rays of the sun struck the citadel. I always sleep until late afternoon, and I have just now awaked."

"My lord is understandably confused about the time," said Lemes. "You have been ill with fever and have been in bed for four days."

"Then why wasn't he put to death four days ago?" screamed Hemmius. "Surely the sun has shone many times."

"Oh, my king," moaned Lemes, as he pulled the curtains from the window, and sank weeping to the floor.

Slowly, reluctantly, Hemmius looked through the open window, noticing for the first time the unearthly darkness which eclipsed the sun.



# What's All This About a Recession?

MARTIN HAROLD SAVITZ '59

SEVEN A.M. The gears turned easily in the lock, and the door swung open on its well-grooved hinges. Joseph Stearn was arriving to work on time, just as he had been doing for the last thirty years. By seven-thirty, the other employees had arrived and were busy at their separate jobs.

"Mr. Stearn, you already have someone waiting."

"Thank you, William; be there in a moment."

Joseph went in, put on his thin grey coat, and immediately set about his work. "Good morning, sir. How are you? Shave and a light trim? Yes sir!"

He skillfully spread out the broad hair-cloth and proceeded to hone his razor. The thick white lather went on the skin smoothly. "Fine day today . . . a little hot . . . but still a fine day. . . Paper says we might get a little rain, but I don't know about that. . . Seems the only thing you ever read about nowadays is Recession, Recession, Recession!"

Joseph returned his razor to the case and took up his scissors and comb. His hands were quick, weightless, doing the work of thirty years' practice. "I can't understand it though . . . the Recession, I mean. . . . Business is better than ever here . . . better than ever, still. . . . Wet your

hair a little? Yes sir, there you are. . . . Still, as I was saying, things just aren't the way they used to be."

Comb and brush took the place of hair tonic, as he hastened to finish. "There you are, sir," he said with a tone of professional pride, removing the hair-cloth. "Your coat . . . Thank you, come again."

After replacing the soiled linen and rearranging his work cabinet, Joseph sat down awhile to glance at the morning paper. "My, my, four more auto accidents yesterday. That makes six this month, and two suicides." A faint smile came into his face. "And, of course, the Recession, always the Recession . . . no jobs, less pay, higher cost of living, more taxes . . ." he thought to himself as he thumbed through the paper.

All at once he put down the paper and glanced at the clock. Then he half-rose and called out, "Oh, William, I just finished. Would you please make sure the gentleman gets to the proper car. . . . And, William, while you're there, check on that new sign we ordered, will you?" Joseph sat down again, crossed his legs, and returned to the obituary column, while outside the workmen were busily hammering up the new sign:

*"Le Vine's Funeral Parlor"*

## Sunset

BARRY SIEGER '59

*Spots of brilliant gold describe the land.  
The air becomes still, expectant,  
yet determined.*

*A circular mass of ruby-red sends forth  
Far-reaching, diffusing rays.  
It sinks slowly-like Time.*

*A silent gloominess prevails  
Across the land.*

*The sun sets,  
Leaving behind a glorious brilliance  
In the heavens of the West.*



# Stick to Jealous Wives, Socrates

KENNETH LAWRENCE FREED '59

It more or less began, Mr. Socrates, that afternoon when I returned from Chicago," said Irwin Watkins, president of Irwin Watkins and Company, Investment Counselors. "When I came into my office, I noticed the heavy buzz of conversation that comes only when something extraordinary has happened."

"Are you sure it wasn't something — normal?" asked detective Benjamin Socrates.

"Quite sure. You see, as a rule there's not much activity in my office at that time of day. I went to my son's office to find out what it was all about, though I didn't really expect to find him there, you know."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, my son has been working — I use that term loosely — for me for about five years. He comes in for about an hour a few times a week. Theoretically, he does all his own work; but actually Sam Roberts, my son's assistant, does it."

"In other words," said Socrates, "your son is merely a name on the door."

"If that's the way you want to put it — yes," said Watkins quite calmly.

"Was your son there when you went to see him?"

"Yes, and that's the point. He not only was there but he was working hard. And after five years, this upset me. I feared the worst. Something terrible must have happened to make my son work."

"You're joking."

"No, not at all. Anyway, I thought there must be some real emergency."

Socrates was fidgeting. "To make a long story short, Mr. Socrates, I have come to you because my son has begun to work. I want you to find out why."

"If I were you, I'd be happy to leave well enough alone," said Socrates.

"Let me put it this way. It would be all right if my son did his work *well*. But after five years, it's better for the firm if he continues loafing. But the really important thing is that he's become irritable, nervous — his whole personality has changed. Something *must* be wrong; I want to find out what it is."

"You have no idea?"

"None whatsoever. I know little of my son's personal life . . . I just don't know."



"Well, I'll try my best," said the detective. "First, I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Yes?"

"Have you always lived here?"

"No, we moved from New York about five years ago."

"That's when your son began working for you?"

"Yes."

"Did your son go to college?"

"Yes . . . but why do you ask?"

"Might be important," said Socrates, suddenly aware of something in Watkins' manner.

"Oh . . . well . . . he went to . . . Columbia," said Watkins nervously.

"I see. How old is he?"

"About thirty-five."

"About?" Socrates thought for a moment. "What did your son do before he began working for you?"

"He . . . he travelled around. Europe — you know."

"Not married, is he?"

"No," said Watkins quickly.

"All right," said Socrates, "I'll start today. Would you leave your address with my secretary?"

"I already have."

"Fine, I'll be in touch with you."

After Watkins had left, Socrates took out the little notebook he always kept with him. He wrote his preliminary course of action in it. He was debating whether to interview the son, when his secretary interrupted.

"Here's your morning paper," she said.

"Thanks. Say, sit down for a minute. I want to see what you think about this."

Socrates filled her in on the few details of the case. Then he asked, "What would make a man like Watkins' son begin to work suddenly, after loafing around for more than five years?"

"From what you've told me about the case, it could be many things. He could have suddenly tired of loafing. Also, he could be covering up for something."

"How's that?"

"Maybe he feels guilty about something, and wants to conceal it or atone for it by working. His nervousness and tension would suggest this. Then again, maybe it's just a joke."

"That guilt idea may be a lead. He's certainly had plenty of time to find something to be guilty about."

"Don't blame me if I'm wrong," said the secretary. "Here's something to remember, too. This son seems a little strange. For some people, little things can upset their whole balance. It could be something petty that made him change."

"I know. Anyway, I've wired a contact in New York for a line on the son. Find out where the son lives; I'm going there tomorrow."

Socrates arrived at the son's apartment house early the next morning.

The building was new and luxurious. Socrates wanted to question Watkins' neighbors, but most of them had already left. However, one of them, Mr. Nathan, was still home. Nathan was both curious and apprehensive when Socrates told him, "Mr. Nathan, I'm a private detective; I'd like to ask you a few questions about your neighbor, Mr. Watkins."

"Mr. Watkins? I couldn't tell you very much. There's nothing wrong, is there? I don't want to . . ."

"Oh, no. Don't worry. He's in no trouble."

"Well, in that case . . . Actually, there's nothing much I can tell you. I never hear anything from his apartment."

"Never hear anything?"

"No. Don't let this apartment house fool you. It's nice, but the walls are thinner than you think. You can hear everything that happens next door. Not that I want to, of course. Why, over there at Mr. Charles' place they seem to take pleasure in making noise. That's over *there*." Nathan pointed across the hall. "But Watkins never makes any noise or anything." Nathan paused. "That is, until a few days ago."

"What do you mean?"

"In the last few days, there have been some strange things going on at his place.

So strange for Watkins that I thought he had moved out."

"He hasn't, has he?"

"No, I saw him just this morning. Every night, around two o'clock, the phone rings for a few minutes. I'm a light sleeper, so it always wakes me. Then Watkins finally answers it. He starts yelling. Then he rushes out of his apartment, slamming the door so loud it wakes the kids. That's my boy Billy there." Nathan's son had walked in.

"Yes, yes," said Socrates impatiently.

"Then Watkins runs down the hall. It's really noisy."

"On purpose?"

"Well, I don't know. Sometimes he's grumpy and inconsiderate, but never noisy."

"What do you mean?"

"Once when some kids were coming around to collect for some charity, he had the superintendent kick them out. Things like that."

"Let's go back to the point. What happens after he's left?"

"He's out for about an hour. Then — this always happens — the phone rings again for five minutes or so. It's crazy. I just get back to sleep, and then the darn phone. Watkins comes back about ten minutes later. He slams the door."

"Have you ever asked him about this business?"

"I was going to this morning. But *he* asked *me*. He wanted to know if I had heard any noise. I told him I darn well did . . ."

"Yes, yes," said Socrates. "Look, here's my address and phone number. If this happens again, would you call me?"

"Sure thing."

It was late when Socrates arrived at his office the next morning.

"You look tired, boss," said his secretary. "Up late last night?"

"Yes. Any messages?"

"Mr. Nathan called. Wants you to call him where he works. Here's the number."

Socrates lit a cigarette and dialed. "Mr. Nathan, this is Benjamin Socrates. What's up?"

"Nothing really. The same thing happened last night." Nathan gave Socrates the details, and when he had finished, Socrates added, "Call me again if it happens."

After Socrates had hung up, the secretary asked, "What did Nathan say?"

Socrates filled her in on the few details and then surprised her. "When Nathan told me his story, I decided to see for myself. I went back to the apartment house

about midnight and waited in the hall near Watkins' apartment to see what would happen. At two, I heard the phone ringing. Minutes later, Watkins ran down the hall, making as much noise as he could. I followed him. Then he went down the rear stairway. I had to take the elevator. When I got out, I saw him leaving by the front door. He walked around for a while; then he went to the park near the theater district."

Eagerly, the secretary asked, "What happened?"

"Nothing. He sat there for a while, came back to the apartment building, and made a call from a phone booth. Then he went upstairs."

"He must have been waiting for someone in the park," offered the secretary.

"No, I don't think so," countered the detective. "He didn't act like it. I think the whole thing was just an act."

"For whom?"

"I think he wanted to make the neighbors suspicious. That's why he asked Nathan if he had heard anything. He probably called his apartment when he came back. That was to wake Nathan."

"What about that first call? Who made it?"

"No one; that is, he did. You know how telephone men can dial the phone so that it will ring after they hang up."

"Yes, my nephews pull that trick whenever they come over."

"Well, that's what he did. The whole thing is too obvious. That business about working is phony too."

"But what's it all for?"

"I'm not sure. I talked with one of the secretaries at Watkins' office. She said that the son has always resented the father. He's continually doing something to mess things up."

"So?"

"So this is all a trick to get his father mad."

"You mean he's trying to get back at his father with all these crazy stunts?"

"Crazy is the word for them. Yes, that's what I think . . . now."

"I don't know," said the secretary doubtfully. "But anyway, something's bound to happen."

It happened that night. The newspapers were full of it in the morning. Richard Watkins had disappeared; the father had received a ransom note; it appeared to be a kidnapping. But Socrates was doubtful. It doesn't jibe, he thought. It's phony; it

must be. He thought for a while, then he called in his secretary.

"I called the police," she said, "to find out about that ransom note."

"What did they say?"

"Not much. But from what I could gather, they think it's a phony."

"I thought as much. The whole thing's phony. Wait a minute. Sit down. If you hated your father, what would you do to hurt him?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'd try to get all his money from him."

"No, that's not it. Watkins has too much money. He couldn't be hurt there. Look, the son is a real nut. He wants to hurt his father; so he plans this kidnapping."

"Oh, boss!" The secretary was still doubtful.

"I think it's possible. In his warped way, he thinks that by not existing, he can let his father have it."

"You mean he's gone to all that trouble just to make his father suffer?"

"Yes."

"It can't be that. There must be more to it."

There was. Just a few minutes after their conversation, a telegram arrived from Socrates' contact in New York. Socrates read it with mixed emotion. He turned to his secretary and said, "You were right; here — read this." She took the telegram and read aloud, "No record of any Richard Watkins at Columbia or in papers. No record of birth."

"The son is a fake. Oh, stop laughing. I don't know what's coming off now. Call Nathan. He might know something."

"I was going to call you, Mr. Socrates," Nathan said over the phone. "I didn't have time this morning. The police were all over the place. They questioned me and I told them everything I knew. And about last night, too."

"Last night?"

"Yes, it was almost the same as usual. The phone call, the slamming door, the running down the hall. But this time there was no second call. He came back as usual about an hour later. At least, I think it was he. Anyway, whoever it was didn't make any noise. Then, a little later, someone else came in. They talked very, very quietly for a few minutes; then they left. No one came back. That was the last I heard until this morning."

After Socrates had hung up and sent another telegram to New York, his secretary rushed in. "Here's some *real* nerve!"

"What now?"



"The son's body was found this morning. I heard it on the radio just now. He's been murdered!"

"Oh brother."

"That's what I said. What do you think now?"

"I don't" Socrates told her what Nathan had said.

"Well, obviously the son didn't plan the kidnapping. . ."

"Stop," Socrates interrupted. "First of all, he isn't Watkins' son — the telegram proves that. Second, he *did* plan the kidnapping — but not alone."

"What? You're going too fast for me."

"It's simple. According to Nathan, there were two people in the so-called son's apartment. One was the son — let's call him that to keep things clear. The other was his accomplice. After the son had planted the ransom note, he came back to the apartment where his accomplice was waiting for him. Maybe they had arranged it that way. Anyway, they talked — almost whispered," Nathan said.

"But why had they planned such an absurd thing?"

"The devil knows. At any rate, the son's accomplice — it had to be his accomplice; otherwise, they wouldn't have been so quiet — the accomplice murdered him."

"But *who* was it?"

"That, time will tell." Socrates had a gleam in his eye, as if he already knew.

"Sounds good, Socrates," said detective Varsi of the police, who had sneaked in while Socrates and the secretary were talking.

"I didn't hear you knock, Lieutenant Varsi," said Socrates.

"I didn't. I must say your theory is pretty good. You're just a few steps ahead of us."

"How much do you know?"

"Nothing you don't. Who do you think did it?"

"I'm not sure yet; but it's pretty obvious."

"Oh?" The secretary was confused.

The next afternoon the telegram Socrates expected came. Now he was sure of his solution. He went downtown to Lieutenant Varsi's office.

"You have it solved now, do you?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, I'm sure now. It's certain that Watkins, senior, never had any son. My contact wired some information about him. It seems he left New York hastily five years ago. That's when his son — if you

still call him that — began to work for him. The son's real name is Evers. He's a former con man. And Watkins isn't clean either. He left New York quickly because he had been involved in a stock swindle. They never got anything on him. But he left to be safe. Now, however, they're closing in. And he knows it."

"How does the son fit in?" asked the smiling policeman.

"He was involved in the swindle, too. He's been blackmailing Watkins ever since. He forced the old man to take him in as a son."

"And the kidnapping?" The policeman was smiling more than ever.

"The old man knew the authorities were closing in. He told Evers that he'd have to go away while the heat was on. They devised this kidnapping plot as a ruse. Evers would do these crazy things to arouse suspicion; Watkins would get a private detective to assure his good intentions."

"But they knew they couldn't pass off the kidnapping plot as real."

"It didn't matter. The old man figured that no matter what happened Evers would not be around. Or so he told Evers."

"You mean they thought the police would fall for this nut business?"

"That's what Evers thought. But Watkins knew they'd never fall for it. The point was that Evers knew too much. Watkins got him to go along with the kidnapping idea. He figured, though, that Evers would not go through with the plot. So he waited for him to return to the apartment. Evers probably wanted more money. But anyway, he returned to his apartment, met Watkins, and left. Then . . ."

"Watkins bumped off Evers," Varsi interrupted.

"Couldn't you let *me* say it, Varsi? After all, I figured it out for you," complained Socrates.

"Oh did you?" The policeman laughed. "We arrested Watkins for murder this morning."

"All that for nothing," groaned the private detective.

"Look Socrates, you just can't beat the police," taunted Varsi.

"Yes, I suppose so," sighed Socrates. "The rotten thing, though, is that I won't get paid for my trouble. Watkins didn't count on my solving his murder." Then he added, "I guess I ought to stick to trailing husbands for jealous wives. . ."



# The Voice

HARRY MOVITZ '59

BOB pulled his convertible to a screeching stop. At the dark intersection, he looked around for traffic; then, quickly shifting into low gear, he turned onto the lonely Nevada highway. He immediately slammed on his breaks, however, in mechanical response to a glaring flash of light that whizzed by his car. "Funny," he thought, shaking his head as if to clear his thoughts, "I didn't even see him coming. Maybe I shouldn't have had that last one for the road."

Laying his head in his hands, he tried to straighten out his muddled thoughts. "Three thousand bucks. All gone but a hundred bills. Pulled into Vegas at six, and blew it by nine. What lousy luck! What a crummy town!"

His thoughts were sharply interrupted by a noise, a weird humming seeming to come from a great distance. He pulled his car to the side of the road and listened.

An eerie, almost bewitching voice was calling his name. "Bob," it called in hoarse tones, "go back, go back to Las Vegas." Dubiously, he turned the car around and headed back for Las Vegas.

About twenty minutes later, he was driving past the bright lights of the casinos. Again he heard the voice calling to him. "Go to the Blue Flamingo Casino, the Blue Flamingo Casino!"

Within five minutes, Bob was standing in front of the roulette table at the Blue

Flamingo with a hundred dollars of newly purchased chips.

"Place all the chips on number four," called the mysterious voice. Bob put his chips down and watched in amazement as the fickle ball came to rest on number four.

The croupier pushed four thousand dollars worth of chips over to him. Overjoyed, he began to pick them up, when the voice again called, "Place your next bet on number twelve."

Pushing all his chips on this number, he again watched amazed as the ball stopped on twelve. The croupier began to perspire, pushed over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars worth of chips.

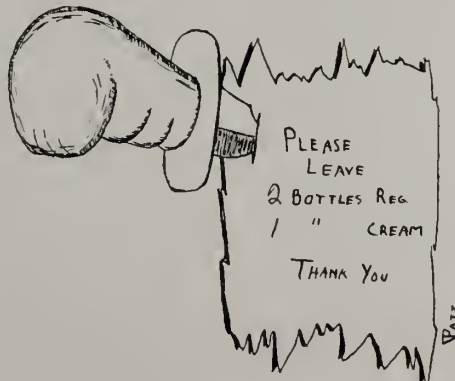
A crowd gathered around his table. A man in a tuxedo came running out of a nearby office. All eyes were on him.

"Put all the chips on number one," called the voice. This time, however, Bob shook his head as if to answer, "This is enough for me."

"Put all the chips on number one," came the voice again, insistently. "Do as I tell you." Hesitantly, he pushed all his chips onto number one.

The man in the tuxedo began to bite his fingernails. The croupier spun the wheel. The ball bounced around and around, finally coming to a stop on number twenty-five!

"Well," Bob heard the voice say, from deep in the confused echoes of his played-out mind, "what do you know about that?"



# Have a Raisin?

KENNETH LAWRENCE FREED '59

*Editors' note: The Register is indeed privileged to print this essay on Sandrez Mather by Dr. Martin Spellworthy Picayune, the distinguished literary scholar. In three installments, it begins below.*

IN the late Sandrez Mather's remarkable five-hour long play, *The Isle of My Desperation*, so many of us have been struck by the climatic ending of the eleventh act:

Dorice: Now that they've gone, I can say it.

Manfred: Yes, Darling

(*Dog growls, Manfred kicks it, it scampers out of door on right.*)

Dorice: Manf, here's the five dollars I owe you.

Manfred: You sweet girl, can I ever thank you? (*He grasps her hand, and takes out slip of paper from pocket.*) Here's your receipt.

Dorice: Have a raisin?

*Curtain*

In these few lines we have the quintessence of Mather's work. Here the many threads of his earlier stories, poems, and plays combine to weave, so to speak, an oriental fabric, rich with color, rhythm, symbology, and such.

It is indeed unfortunate that this profound closing scene has been subjected to so many erroneous interpretations and analyses. But could it have been avoided? Yes perhaps, but more logically no; for the critics heretofore have had so little to work with. Now, however, that Mather's papers have been opened to the public, we can easily see what he was getting at. We can understand his reference to Hoffmeyer's sonnet; his strict observance of the rules of that obscure Greek metaphysician, Mnephilosophilistes; as well as his other techniques.

At first glance, we cannot avoid Mather's indebtedness to the *Old Testament*. An odd twist, for Mather's father was a practicing Zoroastrian. But, unaccountably, Mather's interest is there. And indeed, in his yet unpublished preface to the play, Mather acknowledged *The Ilse's* similarity in theme and prophecy to *Genesis*. There he wrote, "Dorice and Manfred face the harsh, unknown world like an Adam and Eve, as the dog growls warnings of doom."

Why a dog? In one of his essays, John Dexter has referred to Mather's "dog-like attention to dogs." Examples of this are evident. Mather's stories are replete with phrases like "ran like a dog," etc. And we mustn't forget the first line of his famous poem, *Bison City*: "The growling, crawling hound read the newspapers. . ." In fact, if we look at the first draft of that climatic finale in *The Ilse*, we can see just how exaggerated was his "attention to dogs."

Doreana (We shall soon see why Mather changed the characters' names.):

My dog has fleas.

Maurice: You think that's bad?

Doreana: Huh?

Maurice: I've got fleas, too.

*Curtain*

This is the dog-period Mather at his best (or worst). Here we have his barking wit and laughing tail. Yet, years later, when he finished the play, he discarded his original final scene for the one we are more familiar with.

The dog is in the dog-house, and the human characters take over. Why did Mather find it best to give up the dog; and why has he broken with the tradition he began with *Fleasholme* in 1915? We need not search far for an answer; for on the margin of the original manuscript the seeds of doubt had been planted. There he wrote in a powerful, emotion-ridden stroke, "Pay last month's bill." Obviously he was referring to his play, *Grr and Arf*, which had been laughed out of Broadway a month before. In that play Mather's animal trend had reached a sad climax: All dialogue was in barks, growls, and meows. The critics and public were justifiably merciless. And now, a month later, Mather realized, as Dexter has put it, "that for all his love of animals, his deep philosophy could be expressed only by humans, . . . if it could be expressed at all." Mather's search for meaning had begun.

This search lasted five years, tears of bitterness and despair. And when he came out of his shell to write and create once more, his bold pen wrote — for he never used a typewriter —, "The dog in me is

dying." Rejecting the past, he completely changed the play; even — as we have seen — the names.

No longer subservient to an, as it were, omnipotent hound, Dorice (Doreana) and Manfred (Maurice) speak for themselves.

They are free and, if unwittingly, so is Mather.

*Editors' note: Next month Dr. Picayune will discuss some of Mather's earlier works, and will show how the playwright's career in a raisin packing factory influenced his prophetic last line, "Have a raisin?"*

## Assassination

BARRY SIEGER '59

THE time: Friday, Sept. 6, 1901.  
The Place: The Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York.

A larger than normal crowd had gathered around the Temple of Music, in which the President of the United States was to give a reception for the public. About 4 p.m. the doors were thrown open to the public so that the President could greet as many as possible.

President McKinley stood at the edge of a slightly raised dais in the east side of the structure. In the background, the orchestra was playing "Cursed Be These Bullets." On the President's right was John G. Milburn, president of the expositions; on his left, George Cortelyou, secretary to the President. President McKinley was smiling affably and shaking hands with everyone who approached.

A man of average height and build proceeded slowly and carefully toward the President. He had brown hair and was plainly dressed in black. Covering his left hand, which was held close to his side, was a white cloth that looked like a bandage.

When the man had approached within two feet, President McKinley, thinking that the man wanted to greet him, smiled and extended his hand. The man raised the bandage and fired two quick shots at the President.

Instantly, a Secret Service man and an alert bystander leaped upon the man, knocked him to the ground, and pinioned him.

At the same time, aided by President Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou, President McKinley, more bewildered than incapacitated by the sudden attack, retreated a step, turned, and walked to a nearby chair.

The President retained his composure throughout the crisis and directed those around him to remain calm.

"But you are wounded!" cried Secretary Cortelyou, opening the President's waistcoat, "let me examine . . ."

"No, I think not," answered the President. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Throngs of puzzled people, in fearful anticipation, pushed toward the dais to try to discover the cause of the gunshots. Many people who were near the assailant and saw what he had done, swarmed over him.

At one time, the President exclaimed: "Don't let them harm that boy!" Before the crowd could realize what had taken place, the police had hustled the assailant to an exit in the rear. A short time later, when the news had pervaded the temple, a cry began and spread throughout: "Lynch him!"

The prisoner, surrounded by guards, was then taken to police headquarters, more to protect him than to prevent escape. In the questioning, it was discovered that he was Leon Czolgosso, a German-Pole, 28 years old, born in Detroit, Michigan. He was surprisingly calm and communicative, although at times, he showed defiance.

The inevitable question was put to him: "Why?"

He replied that he believed the system of government in this country was all wrong and that the best way to end it all was to kill the President.

"I am an anarchist," he said.

As soon as the police had dispersed as much of the crowd as possible, the President was removed to the Exposition hospital. He was placed on an operating table and given an anaesthetic. Since the doctors were unable to detect the bullet, which had passed through his stomach to his back, they removed him to the home of Mr. Milburn.

Days passed and the President seemed to be regaining his strength. On the sixth day, however, complications set in, and he lapsed into a precarious condition; but he recovered from this very quickly.



On Friday, the seventh day, nevertheless, the President seemed to be sinking. By 6 p.m. that evening, attendants by the bedside saw that there was no hope. At 8:40 p.m., the President lost consciousness. He lasted

through the night but died the next morning at 2:15 a.m.

William McKinley was the third President to die by the hand of an assassin.

## *W..... The Unknown*

GERALD B. CURTIS '58

**A**ROUND the table sat the planet's ten top linguists. They had been called together by the Archaeological Society.

It was only two years ago that Earth had been discovered by their leading explorers. It was a strange planet, once containing a highly developed civilization, greater at its glory than their own planet Longa. But a great atomic war had destroyed almost every trace of its life.

Grouvy addressed the committee and told them why they had been assembled. He took out from his Dura-Steel briefcase a miraculously undamaged book which had been exposed for two thousand years to radiation. He told them that with this book they would at least be able to know something of the language of Earthmen. There was a murmuring in the audience that reminded Grouvy of something more that he had to say. He mentioned that the one who deciphered the language first would be

given a \$200,000 bond for his work. The assembly buzzed with excitement as each linguist was given a copy of the original book to try his luck. For weeks the linguists used every index, every machine, every way imaginable to break the code, but it was to no avail. It couldn't be done.

Grouvy picked up the book and delivered it to the curator of the Smythsinean Institute. The book was placed in a glass-covered showcase in the rare book department and was visited as a universal heritage. All would know this book as part of a civilization so high that even the Longans couldn't decipher its language. No one had even the slightest idea of what the book meant. Although printed on the cover were three words which no one could understand, it soon became the planet's favorite slang expression for work impossible, for problems unsolvable,

"Webster's Unabridged Dictionary."



WHAT? —  
ME BEAT?!



## An Interview with Dr. Case

EDWARD E. GOODE '60 and STEVEN BELL '61

**D**R. Harold C. Case, the president of Boston University, was born May 20, 1902, in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. In 1923 he received his B.A. from Baker University and four years later earned his S.T.B. at Boston University. In 1923, he did graduate study at Harvard University; from 1927-1933, he studied at the Garrett Biblical Institute; and from 1928 to 1930 at Northwestern University. Dr. Case was ordained to the ministry in the Methodist Church, and for twenty-four years pastored four churches in various parts of the country. He has been president of Boston University for seven years.

On September 29, Dr. Harold C. Case, president of the fifteen-college Boston University, was interviewed by two reporters of the Boston Latin School Register.

In the interview Dr. Case disclosed that since 1939 the colleges of the university have been moving to the campus of Commonwealth Avenue, and that by 1961 fourteen colleges will be located in that area. The medical college will not move because of its proximity to the major hospitals of Boston.

Dr. Case, in the course of his interview, outlined three major scholarship programs which are available to Boston University students: there is a Trustee Scholarship Board which gives scholarships to 10% of the senior class; industry, especially corporations like General Electric and Westinghouse, gives many scholarships; the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is giving \$100,000 in scholarships to students, and three years hence will give \$400,000 to worthy students of the Commonwealth. Boston University also maintains an employment bureau; in fact, two-thirds of its student body have been placed in jobs by this bureau. These facts go quite far in substantiating Dr. Case's statement: "A good student can get into Boston University if he is willing to work."

When asked if he thought that the emphasis on science is distorting education in the United States, he replied: "I prefer



to see the social sciences added to science. We don't need more science, but better people; an increased emphasis should be made on the social sciences."

Dr. Case said, "The requirements for admission to college have steadily increased in recent years; as a result, the student of today must have a better standing in his class and better marks in order to enter this university than the student of yesterday."

In spite of the fact that 65% of Boston University's huge student body commutes to school, Dr. Case said that he preferred to see a student living on the campus, thereby making himself an integral part of the "aristocracy of brains" which constitutes the university.

Dr. Case said: "The university, in educating its student, strives to teach him how to think, not what to think. As a result, the great body of American students are not the 'lost generation'; on the contrary, this generation can discipline itself."

His words of advice to the Latin School Student were: "If you want to go to college, be a student now."





COSTELLO

ED "56 or 72" C

SZEIFER

MIKE 77 T

ROSENTHAL

BARRY 84 E

ABRAHAM

NICK 55 C

CIBOTTI

"DUKE" 22 B

PRINZ

KARL 74 T

WALLACE

BOB 65 G

COSTELLO

JACK 75 T

KELLEY

WALT 70 T

ZISSIS

CO-CAPTAINS  
ERNIE 60 G

BOB 87 E

WILLIAMS

"PEP" MC CARTHY

HEAD COACH

DICK 20 B

GARIBALDI

PAUL 82 E

BARRINGER

ED 16 B

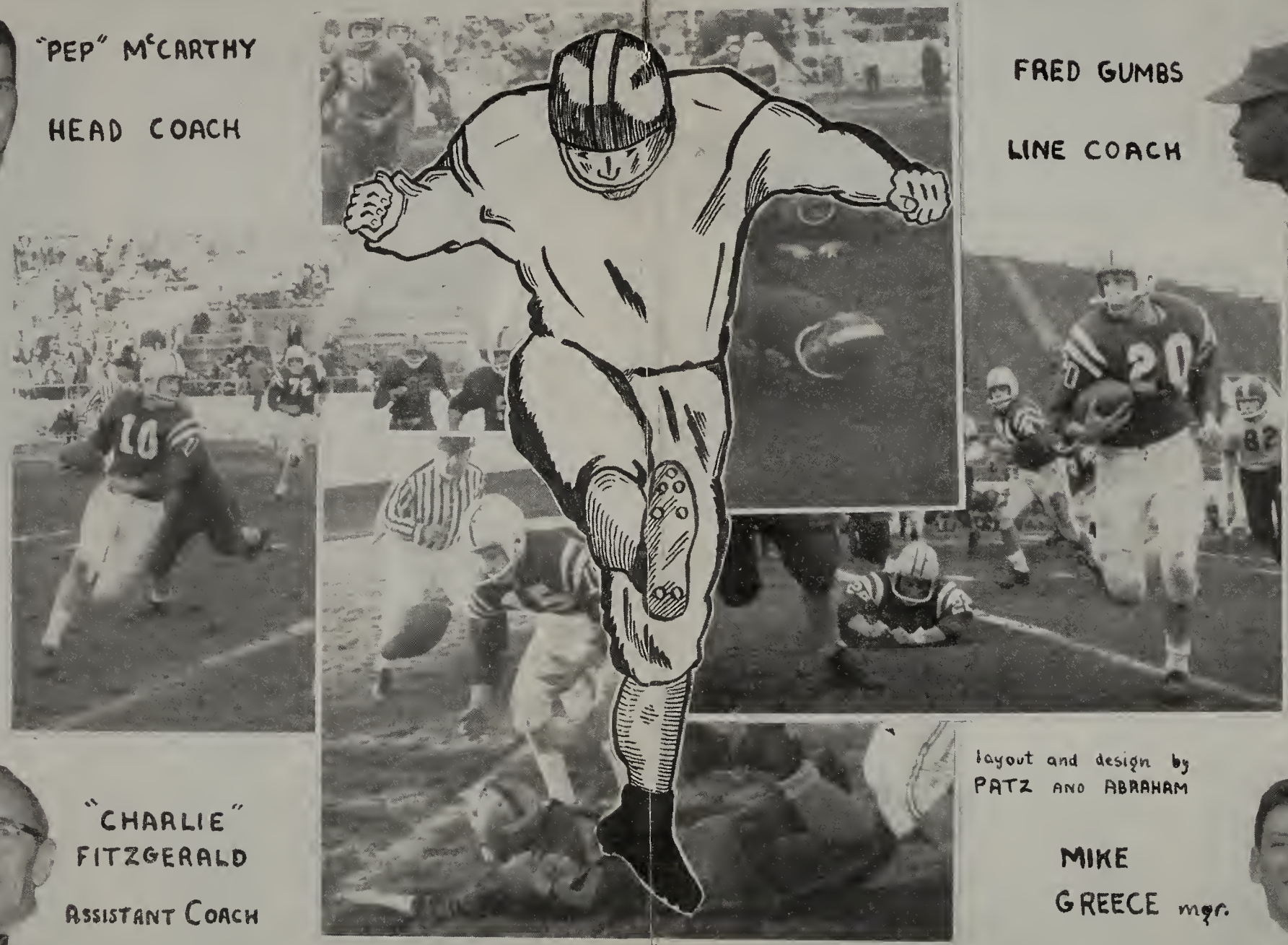
SHEA

BOB 63 G

PITZI

"CHARLIE" FITZGERALD

ASSISTANT COACH



FRED GUMBS

LINE COACH

DON 62 G

TOBIN

GERRY 88 E

LATORRICA

VIN 59 C

BARLETTA

TONY 40 B

DRAGONE

layout and design by  
PATZ AND ABRAHAM

MIKE GREECE mgr.

BOB 68 G

MONACO

"THE TANK" 78 T

ANDRONICA

JIM 44 B

LAURIA

JOHN 17 B

FRAME

TOM 10 QB

BILDERAC

TOM 76 T

CLOUGHERTY

JACK 81 E

WALSH

GERRY 57 C

GILLIS

BILL 15 B

MULCAHY

RICH 85 E

CONKLIN

F.X. 18 B

CROWLEY





## Football

*Latin vs. Trade*

*Oct. 2, 1958*

Latin officially opened its season today by blanking Trade 34-0. (The 6-0 win over East Boston in the jamboree cannot be considered in the league standings.) Very little can be said about this contest, except that Trade met a better-drilled, conditioned, and experienced team and were hopelessly outclassed from the start. Latin's line, which at this stage must be the best in both leagues, literally made mincemeat out of the Tradesmen. T.D.'s were registered by Garibaldi, Cibotti, Lauria, Rosenthal, and Bilodeau.

This has been at least the tenth straight year Latin has won its opening game. (Six of these were shutouts.)

LINE-UP: L.E. — Rosenthal; L.T. — Kelley; L.G. — Wallace; C. — Abraham; R.G. — Zissis; R.T. — Prinz; R.E. — Barringer; Q.B. — Bilodeau; F.B. — Cibotti; R.H.B. — Garibaldi; L.H.B. — Lauria.

SAD POINTS: "Big" John Andronica and Guy Gillis, both tremendous linemen, may be forced to sit out the rest of the season. Both were unfortunate enough to break their wrists in pre-game scrimmages. Our tribute to two great ball-players.

SUBSTITUTES: Frame, Mulcahy, Williams, Costello, Abraham, Clougherty, Sneider, Scaccia, Shea, Tobin.

*Latin vs. B.C. High*

*Oct. 11, 1958*

Latin played host to a surprisingly tough B.C. High team today, and could beat them by only ten points, 18-8. Jim Lauria, Tom Cibotti, and Tom Bilodeau did the honors with a touchdown each. Lauria, one of the best pass-receivers in the league, scored on a neat pass-play in the second period, making the score 6-0 Latin. After dominating the second period, Latin again scored, this time on a 12-yard rush by T. D. Cibotti, behind two great blockers, Zissis and Prinz.

B.C. scored first in the second half on a long pass play, but Latin boomed right back, this time with Bilodeau scoring on the option-pass play. Time ran out in the fourth quarter with Latin in possession on the B.C. High nine-yard line.

LINE-UP: L.E. — Rosenthal; L.T. — Kelley; L.G. — Wallace; C. — Abraham; R.G. — Zissis; R.T. — Prinz; R.E. — Barringer; Q.B. — Bilodeau; F.B. — Cibotti; R.H.B. — Garibaldi; L.H.B. — Lauria.

SUBSTITUTES: Frame, Mulcahy, Shea, Scaccia, Costello Bros., Inc., Williams, Tobin, Clougherty, Sneider, Dragone, Comerford.

DROPS FROM THE DRIPPING FAUCET: Today's outstanding players include: Bob Wallace, Bob Williams, Ed Costello, and Tom Cibotti. The play again highlighted the contest with a vicious display of bone-crunching blocks and tackles. Keep up the good work!!



*Latin vs. Dorchester*

Oct. 19, 1958



Latin met Dorchester, defending co-champs, for their first Sunday game this year. Dorchester, which had not won a game this far, was a fired-up team and led 2-0 (safety) at the end of the first quarter. Dot would have done well, however, not to have scored; for the outraged Latinites then proceeded to pile up their highest score of

the season, scoring 58 points in three periods. Included among today's numerous scorers are: Bell, Lauria, Bilodeau, Hillman, Mulcahy, Baily, Garibaldi, Shea, and Barringer.

LINE-UP: L.E. — Rosenthal; L.T. — Kelley; L.G. — Wallace; C. — Abraham; R.G. — Zissis; R.T. — Prinz; R.E. — Barringer; Q.B. — Bilodeau; F.B. — Cibotti; R.H.B. — Garibaldi; L.H.B. — Lauria.

DROPS FROM A DRIP: Today Dorchester's line was noticeably outclassed by outstanding performances by Prinz, Zissis, Costello Bros. Inc., Wallace, Rosenthal, Barringer and Abraham. This high-scoring affair enabled all of the starters to get rested for the upcoming Tech game.

SUBSTITUTES: Frame, Mulcahy, Shea, Scaccia, Costello Bros., Williams, Tobin, Clougherty, Sneider, Dragone, Baciagalupo, Hillman, Crowley, Bell, Bailey, Comerford, Sacchetti, Carey, Walsh, Pitzi, Celona, Ruggiero, Monaco, Saltman, McInnis, Conklin, and Green.

*Latin vs. Technical*

Oct. 24, 1958

Two undefeated, untied powers met today with a crushing example of how football should be played. Last year both teams met with the same "un-un" records and Tech emerged as a 13-12 victor. This year, however, Latin stalwarts were not denied their due revenge, as they displayed a fast, hard-charging line and a quartet of "mighty-mights" in handing Tech a 25-14 verdict.

Latin received the kickoff and promptly proceeded to fumble( exactly as last year), allowing Tech to recover on Latin's 20-yard line. The defense held and Latin took over on downs on their own fifteen. The first period consisted of a drive, ending on the Tech 25. In the second period, Tech in possession, Peterson drove 40 yards for a T.D. on a tricky fourth-down play. The P.A.T. failed and Tech led 6-0.

Latin roared back, however, and with time running out, Bilodeau hit Garibaldi with a beautiful pass, which Dick caught on the Tech 20. Garibaldi then outran two defenders for the tying marker.

In the second half, Latin outscored the powerful Tech team 3 to 1. Tech was forced to punt, setting the scene for Garibaldi's 85 yard runback and his second T.D. of the day.

Latin's defense again held, and once more the offensive machine began to move. With great running by Cibotti and Lauria, great catches by Rosenthal, and good blocking in the line, Latin marched 70 yards to another T.D., this time by Bilodeau. The final score was by Duke Cibotti for the team's fourth win of the season.

LINE-UP: L.E. — Rosenthal; L.T. — Kelley; L.G. — Wallace; C. — Costello; R.G. — Zissis; R.T. — Prinz; R.E. — Barringer; Q.B. — Bilodeau; F.B. — Cibotti; R.H.B. — Garibaldi; L.H.B. — Lauria.

DROPS FROM THE DRIPS: An outstanding game by all. The most vicious tackle this reporter has ever seen was by Paul Barringer, who starts both ways as a sophomore. Paul hit the ball carrier so hard that he received a concussion, and may be out for the season.

SUBSTITUTES: Frame, Mulcahy, Costello, Williams, Sneider, Clougherty, and Abraham.

*Latin vs. B.C. High*

Nov. 7, 1958

Latin School displayed championship form, scoring in each quarter, to defeat a good B.C. High team, 32-0. This was the second shutout victory of the season and the sixth consecutive win.

Latin started slowly and led by only twelve points at the half, as a result of T.D.'s by Cibotti and Bilodeau. Bilodeau scored first on the option and Cibotti in the second period, climaxing a 45 yard drive.

In the second stanza, Latinites (an exceptionally strong second-half team) continued their crowd-pleasing, high-scoring antics by scoring three additional touchdowns. A hard tackle by Kelley and a fumble recovered by Zissis set up the third insurance touchdown, and all but broke B.C.'s resistance. Touchdowns were then registered by Lauria, Bilodeau, and Garibaldi. This backfield combination, combined with fine efforts by Cibotti and Rosenthal, has been instrumental in Latin's great offensive output thus far. An amazing 214 points and three games yet to play!

LINE-UP: L.E. — Rosenthal; L.T. — Kelley; L.G. — Wallace; C. — Costello; R.G. — Zissis; R.T. — Prinz; R.E. — Williams; Q.B. — Bilodeau; F.B. — Ci-



botti; R.H.B. — Garibaldi; L.H.B. — Lauria.

DRIPS FROM THE DROPS: Zissis added another outstanding game to his collection as he recovered at least two fumbles, threw key blocks and made numerous tackles. The Costello Bros., Inc., Karl Prinz and Mike Sneider were the big men on the line. Cibotti and Bilodeau played their usual "great" game.

SUBSTITUTES: Walsh, Sneider, Costello, Crowley, Scaccia, Mulcahy, Abraham, Bacigalupo, Dragone, Tobin, Frame, Saltman, and Comerford.

*Latin vs. Trade*

Oct. 31, 1958

After defeating previously unbeaten Tech 25-14, Coach McCarthy told this reporter in confidence that "The only way we can lose this year is by our own over-confidence." Apparently, truer words were never spoken, for such was the case for the first half of today's game with Trade at White Stadium.

Over-confidence was the toughest foe, as unbeaten Latin (already boasting a 32-0 win over hapless Trade this season) took the field against Boston Trade.



Latin, after a slow start, tallied first in the opening quarter on a fine 21 yd. run by Garibaldi. Trade, however, refused to quit. To the contrary, a 140 pound Trade fullback ran through Latin's defensive wall, and scampered 45 yds. for the tying T.D.

Latinites, then aware that they were in for more than just "another easy game," began to open up. After receiving the ensuing kick-off, Latin scored on the first play from scrimmage on a pass play to Garibaldi (who had 26 pts. for the day). This quick T.D. seemed to deflate the upset-minded Trade team and henceforth Latin dominated the game. T.D.'s were registered by Cibotti, Rosenthal and Mulcahy.

The final score was Latin 47, Trade 14, for Latin's fifth straight win and no losses.

LINE-UP: L.E. — Rosenthal; L.T. — Kelly; L.G. — Wallace; C. — Costello; R.G. — Zissis; R.T. — Prinz; R.E. — Williams; Q.B. — Bilodeau; F.B. — Cibotti; R.H.B. — Garibaldi; L.H.B. — Lauria.

**DROPS FROM THE SHOWER:** Outstanding performances were recorded by Garibaldi and Cibotti for the backs and Williams, Wallace and The Costello Bros. Inc. on the line.

Again Latin proved itself a slow-starting

team, but a very formidable second-half opponent.

**SUBSTITUTES:** Frame, Mulcahy, Shea, Scaccia, Costello, Tobin, Clougherty, Sneider, Dragone, Comerford, Barletta, Bacigalupo, Saltman, Walsh, Pitzi, and Abraham.



*Latin vs English*  
November 27, 1958

Just one week ago, this Cinderella team came from a 12-0 deficit to defeat Tech and win the City Championship. Today, however, a great Latin team thrilled 18,000 fans at Harvard Stadium as they staged a fantastic, come-from-behind victory, after being down 18-0 and 24-6! The final score was Latin 26—English 24.

Areglado started the festivities (for English) at the five minute mark as he shot over from eight yards out to score. At four minutes of the second period, Kiriakopoulos intercepted a Bilodeau pass at mid-

field and ran unhampered to score EHS 12 — BLS 0.

Then, in the last minute of play, English scored its third T.D. on a 40-yard drive, climaxed by Messina's 11-yard run.

Seconds later, however, Latin began its long uphill battle when Bilodeau, back on the Latin 38, connected with Bill Mulcahy on the English 30. Mulcahy ran home unimpeded. At the half, EHS 18 — BLS 6.

In the second half and on the first play from scrimmage, Areglado dashed 63 yards



to make it 24-6. Then Latin got going after stopping English's next drive on the two.

One play moved the ball out to the four and Tommy went back to pass. He stood almost motionless in the end zone, his arm cocked, until Billy got loose; then Bilodeau uncorked. Mulcahy tipped the ball into the air on the 35, gained possession on the 40, and breezed the rest of the way, as the play covered 96 yards.

A fumble recovery by Bobby Williams on the English eight set up the third score. "Big Jim" Lauria bulled over in three, only to find his team offside on the big play.

Bilodeau did some fine faking in the backfield, finally tearing around left end, to score on one good leg. Then Barry Rosenthal proceeded to fake an English defender out of his boots to catch what turned out to be the winning points.

Still English was four points ahead and Latin needed a big one to haul this game out. A fumble recovery on the 40, after BLS had to kick from its four, set Bilodeau in motion again. A good pass to Mulcahy (and a great catch) was good for a first on the English 48. Another to Barry Rosenthal was complete to the 36.

Then Barry threw a head fake here, another shoulder fake there, and finally

found himself free to scoop in Tommy's neat pass on the 20 and he raced in for the score, which was 26-24 Latin.

There may have been more exciting games since the series started in 1887, but if so, no one can be found to recall them.

le Rosenthal	re Williams
lt Kelley	qb Bilodeau
lg Wallace	fb Cibotti
c Costello	rhb Lauria
rt Prinz	lhb Garibaldi

#### *Subs*

Costello, Clougherty, Ruggiero, Gillis, Abraham, Sneider, Walsh, Dragone, Crowley, Shea and Billy Mulcahy.

#### *Finis*

This was Coach McCarthy's first perfect season — 9 wins, no losses, no ties. Much credit is due to a great line coach, Fred Gumbs. Karl Prinz was forced to sit out the whole game. Karl received a hip contusion on the first play of the game! But Sneider and Williams did an outstanding job of filling in. Ernie Zissis, Ed Costello and Mike Sneider were great in the line and deserve a lot more credit than they've been receiving, especially Co-Capt. Zissis. This sentence closes the finest season this reporter has ever known.

## *Cross Country*

Although the Purple and White harriers failed to solve the victory formula, they produced numerous outstanding performers. In the annual "duck race," which attracted hundreds of runners, Jack Clough bested the entire field. For his effort he was awarded a duck. (Just recently, when I asked him what had become of the duck, I noticed the quill pens in his pocket and had my answer.) Loren Clayman won the gruelling six-event Jamboree, defeating our arch-rival in the final event. He has also proved to be the best prospect in the state in the discus. Lowell Davidson, our gift to the space age, unofficially broke the course

record; but, in competition, was hampered by a pulled muscle. Captain Jack Schaffner steadily led the team, finishing high in all meets. Other outstanding performers were Zitomersky, Sherburne, Signori, Hughes, Purcell, Mitchell, Passaretti, Vengrow, and Finn. This group, enriched with valuable experience, will be back next year, forming the nucleus of the best team in the city.

Our team is deeply indebted to the coaches, Messrs. Bell, Ronan, Grant, and Carey, for their patience and instruction, and to managers Thomas Charchut and Conrad Jaffie for their loyalty and faithfulness.

# EDITORIALS

## SEGREGATION

Through its recent decision on segregated schools, what the Supreme Court seemed to say is that no law can be accepted at face value, but is subject to the principal function of the American Judicial System: the interpretation of the law. Under pressure of evolving circumstances, laws which may seem sweepingly general and vastly unspecific are moulded and formed to fit the specific and unique aspects of each case which comes before the court. This flexibility of the law, stemming from judicial interpretation, allows laws to change with the changing times, and thus to retain their applicability through the years.

The doctrine so popular in the South, providing equal but racially segregated schools, challenges the very spirit of the law. If the new school buildings with modern green blackboards are provided for each of two races, the law is being obeyed to the letter. But, probing more deeply into the matter, as the Supreme Court as well as lower courts have seen fit to do, one can see that separation connotes inferiority. Being sent to a separate school, being put on a separate bus, or being sent to the rear of one; being placed in a designated area of a restaurant — all these restrictions connote inferiority for one race. This follows because it is one race which is placing the restrictions on another without the latter's assent.

Thus it can easily be seen that the momentous decision of May 17, 1954, in which desegregation was declared mandatory for all public schools, was based not on a literal interpretation of the law guaranteeing civil liberties, but on a somewhat more intangible sensitivity to human values. These values are indefinable but easily understandable to anyone who is aware that the spirit of the law goes beyond the rigid formality of literal expression.

## DEATH OF A POPE

It starts as a brief radio bulletin, seemingly lost in the intricate tangle of world communications. "The Pope is ill — weak — near death!" Faster than lightning the message spreads along a vast electronic web, of which the Vatican is the nucleus. Within an hour, the news has been flashed to all parts of the world.

Newspapers presses in Paris, Chicago, Tokyo rumble and grind to a stop as thousands of editors frantically order remakes of their front pages. Wherever there is a radio station, the bulletin is flashed on the air. Slowly, reluctantly, the World learns. Sunset draws nigh — thousands of workers, rushing to get home and eager to learn the World Series results, are confronted with the glaring headlines. The rush hour becomes a bit less hectic — people seem to be a little more tolerant toward each other. An ominous drama is unfolding: The Pope is ill — a world sick with cold wars and international strifes slowly lifts its aching head and fixes its tired eyes upon Castel Gandolfo.

The agonizing vigil begins. Night spreads its somber mantle over an apprehensive world. The fragmentary reports drift in: "Pope in grave condition." "End drawing near." "Little hope left for Pontiff." Sleep is inhibited everywhere by a universal premonition of the worst. All faiths are wonderfully united in prayer for one man — the massive portals of Heaven are besieged by the overwhelming tide of a breathless world's supplication. The sands of time keep running lower—inexorably.

It happens in the dead of night: the spark of life in an ailing body is suddenly no more. The bow-tight tension of a fearing world is loosened. It finds its tortured eyes laved with silent tears; its rough and scarred character infused with a strange feeling of bereavement and sorrow.

How long has Death required to claim its victim? Four days? A period of time not equivalent to even a microscopic speck in the universe of Eternity. More great leaders will come and go. Millions of years are yet to come. But a great man of history and of humanity has passed on. An entire world is joined in saying: "Requiescat in pace!"



*Only A Trillion*, by Isaac Asimov. Abelard-Schuman, 1957. 195 pp. \$3.50.

All hail! The Master has returned! — this time not with a batch of positronic robots, but with an intriguing, stimulating exposition of the mechanics of biochemistry. (All Asimov fans will now face in the general direction of the B. U. School of Medicine and bow deeply thrice.)

Asimov has a clear, forceful style, enhanced by his scintillating wit and humor. It should be pointed out that although the book is easy to read, it is *not* written down to the reader. *Only A Trillion* is delightful and entertaining, and should be read by everyone interested in science, up to and including biochemists.

The book is one in a series of popular science texts which Asimov has been writing recently. In my opinion, this the best of the lot. Asimov is on home ground here.

The first chapter discusses radioactivity and "half-life"; the second relates radioactivity to biochemistry, and from this point on, the book is almost entirely devoted to that subject.

The third chapter discusses the fantastically huge numbers involved with the microcosmic hemoglobin molecule.

The fourth chapter deals with "paper chromatography" and the seemingly impossible task of determining the structure

of the insulin molecule — and of how a small group of men tackled that problem and solved it.

Chapter five rather conclusively proves that "normality" is *completely* abnormal! This is perhaps one of the most fascinating chapters in the book.

In chapter six, Asimov turns from the microscopic world of molecules to the macroscopic domain of the planets. Here he discusses the atmospheres of the planets, how the former were evolved, and what would happen if life occurred on certain other planets. Science-fictionists, take heed! Here is a fund of invaluable information!

Chapters seven, eight, and nine lucidly deal with the evolution and mechanics of life. These chapters are a "must" for anyone interested in evolutionary theory.

Chapter ten deals with a most pertinent and pressing matter — the problem of data-handling. Nowadays it is almost impossible, says Asimov, to keep abreast of the latest developments in even the most specialized field of science, mainly because of the tremendous volume of papers being published, a direct result of over-specialization.

The last two chapters are, as the publisher calls them, "a gentle spoofing of science and scientific papers." The first of these discusses the remarkable properties of thiotimoline, a mythical chemical. This is sheer Asimovian dead-pan humor. In some spots it's subtle — but if you know a little chemistry (and even if you don't), it should set you rocking back on your heels with laughter. The last chapter in the book plausibly discusses a scientific impossibility — The Goose That Laid The Golden Eggs — in the form of a story. It's outrageously funny — I leave it up to your imagination.

*Summing it up:* Asimov's best popular science book to date — unreservedly recommended.

WILLIAM JAMES SARILL, '59

## SEASONS GREETINGS

FROM THE

REGISTER STAFF



Half a league, half a league,  
     Half a league onward,  
 Onto the lunchroom floor  
     Ran the sixies in hundreds.  
 "Forward, the Lunch Brigade,  
 Charge for the trays!" they said:  
 Onto the Lunchroom Floor  
     Ran the sixies in hundreds.

## *The Charge of the Lunch Brigade*

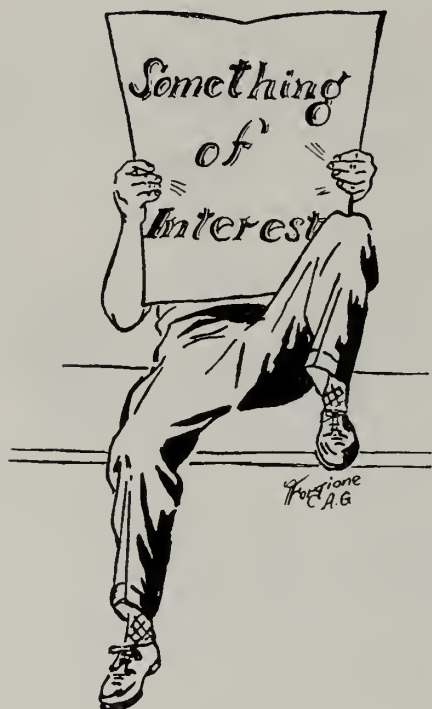
"Forward the Lunch Brigade!"  
 Was there a boy dismayed?  
 Not though the teachers knew  
     Someone had blundered:  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to eat and get out alive,  
 Onto the Lunchroom Floor  
     Ran the sixies in hundreds.

Marshals to the right of them,  
 Marshals to the left of them,  
 Marshals in front of them  
     Shouted and yelled;  
 Storming for the trays and lunches.  
 Boldly they ran and well,  
 Into the Lunchroom.  
 Into the mouth of Hell  
     Ran the sixies in hundreds.

Flashed all their key chains bare,  
 Flashed as they turned in air,  
 Striking a Marshal here,  
 Charging a teacher there, while  
     All the world wondered:  
 Plunging into the steaming smoke  
 Right through the line they broke;  
     Marshal and teacher  
 Reeled from the key-chain stroke,  
     Shattered and sundered.  
 Then they ran back, but not,  
     Not the sixies in hundreds

Marshals to the right of them,  
 Marshals to the left of them,  
 Marshals behind them  
     Shouted and yelled;  
 Grabbed those who stumbled,  
 While comrade and classmate fell.  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came through the Lunchroom doors,  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
     Left of the sixies in hundreds.

When can their glory fade?  
 O the wild charge they made!  
     All the world wondered.  
 Honor the charge they made!  
 Honor the Lunch Brigade,  
     Noble sixies in hundreds.



ON September 4, the portals of the Latin School opened for the three hundred and twenty-third time, to receive the annual crop of "sixies." As usual, the halls resounded with the traditional cries of "Sixie, go home," "You there, report to Mister Meanor in 436," "Psst, wanna buy a pass to the swimming pool?" and "Who walks? Use the elevator." "Upper classmen will please refrain from selling chances on the statue of Alma Mater."

During the past two months, Latin School has been honored to have as its guests representatives from many illustrious universities. Among the schools represented were Harvard, Tufts, M.I.T., Brandeis, Boston College, Boston University, and, last but not least, Franklin and Marshall College. The senior class would like to express its thanks to Mr. Hopkinson and Mr. Kozodoy, who have arranged these visits, and to the many universities that have shown us their kind consideration.

Once again this year, in the wee hours of the morning, ambitious seniors, equipped with scotch tape and step-ladders could be seen plastering the walls, floors, and ceilings of the third floor corridor with ingenious signs and posters. Unfortunately, because of the tremendous electric bill and the

MARTIN H. SAVITZ '59

school's lack of shares in Edison Electric, no blinking signs were allowed. Some of this year's innovations included foreign propaganda written under the close supervision of Messrs. Levine and Van Steenberg, candidates endorsed by the Un-American Activities Committee, and tearful pleas from candidates' relatives. Winner of the *Register's* contest for best campaign slogan was: "Stick with I. M. Stukabissle."

On November 6, the Social Science Club held its annual United Nation's Day assembly. The program was conducted in the manner of "Meet the Press." A panel composed of Martin Savitz, Kenneth Freed, David Dorney, Charles Giuliano, and Alvin Sanoff asked the guest speaker, Dr. Gibson of Babson Institute, leading questions about the United Nations. Elliot Bird, President of the Social Science Club, acted as host and moderator.

In anticipation of the Hallowe'en festivities, the Key Club sponsored its annual Hallowe'en assembly. Strangely enough, the subject of the assembly was "Vandalism." The boys, however, apparently did not pay attention, for the day after Hallowe'en the Latin School was still standing.

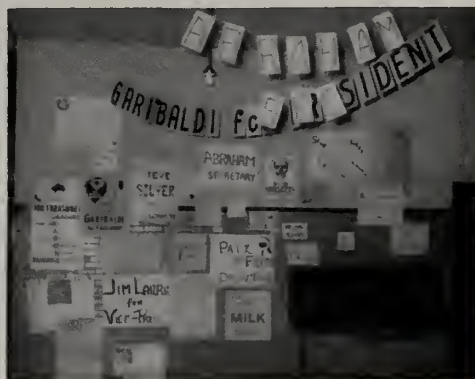


A tip of the hat is due to David Dorney for a valiant effort.

On November 7, the Debating Club held a Forum on the question: "Should diplomatic recognition be granted to Red China by the United States?" The members of the affirmative were: Henry Shoolman, Samuel Fredman, and Alan Schindler. Presiding as chairman of the Forum was Alan Kace.

The National Honor Society is currently recruiting students to participate in its annual Talent Review. Funds earned from this amusing, if not amazing, presentation are used to send promising seniors to college. The cooperation of the student body is necessary to make the fund-raising show a success.

It was noticed that in the month of October the marks of many seniors fell immediately after the Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test. The reason for this, ac-



cording to a well-known Boston Psychiatrist, was *Acute Ignoscivity*, a malady not uncommon to Latin School Boys. The mental strain has convinced many aspiring seniors that they should forget the Ivy League and apply for admission at Ubangi Tech.

## Reflections at Night

*A moonless night  
watches paternally.  
The stars,  
his features,  
spurn concealment.  
The perfection  
of his person  
mocks you.  
The boundlessness  
of his embrace  
dwarfs you.  
Silence,  
his preeminent mentor,  
deigns to permit wordly  
interpolations.  
An ineffable compendium  
of emotion  
arises out of his depths. . .  
And you depart with a  
Feeling  
Of something  
UNDONE.*

by BARRY SIEGER '59





*"Understanding of the future through knowledge of the past"*

**M**R. CORNELIUS J. MURPHY, who teaches social studies in Room 302, was born in Roslindale, where he now resides. He graduated from B. C. High (1920), and went on to Boston College, where he received a B. A. (1924), an M. A. (1926), and an Ed.M. (1938). Mr. Murphy was appointed to the faculty of Latin School in 1927, but he left in 1942 for active service with the United States Navy. He is a Lt. Commander in the Reserves. He returned to B. L. S. in 1952. He has held other teaching positions at Dorchester High for Boys, and at Technical High School. After the war, he taught as part of a special program for veterans.

Mr. Murphy has been very much interested and active in civil and political affairs. He has served as assistant director of the Roslindale Community Fund several times, and as executive director twice.

Mr. Murphy is married and has six children, three girls and three boys. The oldest of the girls is a teacher at the Manning School; the older is at Notre Dame; and the youngest is at St. Aidan's School. All three boys are Latin School graduates. The oldest is a junior at Harvard Medical School; the older, a senior at Boston College; and the youngest (William-B.L.S. '57) is at the Cardinal O'Connell seminary.

Mr. Murphy's chief outside activity at present is the work being done by the American Legion. He is a Past Commander of the West Roxbury Post.

In Mr. Murphy's opinion, the study of history is both valuable and helpful today, because "to know the future, to understand the present, we should study the past."

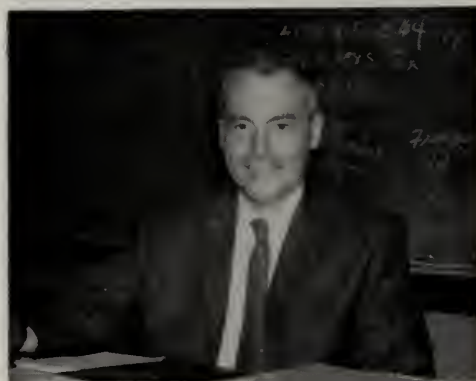
## *Lords and Masters*

**M**R. GREENHALGE, who teaches math in Room 220, was born in Fall River, Mass., in 1904, and now resides in Haverhill. He holds a B.S. degree from M. I. T. and an Ed.M. from Boston College. He taught at Browne and Nichols in Cambridge before entering the Boston School System. (Chess used to absorb much of his outside time, but golf is his present hobby.)

Mr. Greenhalge believes that teachers in Boston are not getting an adequate salary at the high school level, for "during the years when Boston was recruiting the best teaching talent in this part of the country, the high school salary was the equivalent of a 1958 salary of \$10,000."

Concerning B.L.S., Mr. Greenhalge thinks there should be "much less spoon-feeding and more self reliance." He is shocked by the number of Class I boys who have no objective beyond going to college.

Advice to students: Lower the TV set into a deep vat filled with sulfuric acid; begin reading again, settle comfortably into an armchair, and watch your grades begin to rise. (Don't forget to retrieve the TV set from the vat. If it has been immersed 20 or more hours, it can be proven mathematically its value to society is exactly the same as it was before dunking.)



*"Eye strain through study — Key to college's formidable door"*



## REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

*September 4:* Overheard in class (we won't say which one):

*Master:* "There are so many noisy interruptions, I can hardly hear myself speak."

*Class Wit:* "Well, you aren't missing much."

*September 10:* Overheard on a desert island:

*Chief of cannibalistic pygmy ants:* "You say you only *associate* editor of *Register*?"

*Pusillanimous Pismire:* "(sniffle, sob sob) Y-y-yes. N-n-nobody likes me — not even the Lord High Nasal."

*Chief:* "Well, we soon fix that."

*P.P.:* "How?"

*Chief:* "Soon you be *editor-in-chief*."

*September 11:* Overheard in the lower reaches of the gym:

*Cap'n Tom:* "The fact that you've got athlete's foot doesn't make you an athlete, Johnson."

*September 12:* A B.L.S. teacher was seen on the street-car today offering an elderly lady his seat on the condition that she hold his brief case.

*September 15:* Overheard in 124: (Sub is present, taking attendance, when student enters late at the beginning of R5)

*Student:* "Sir, I'm a cashier."

*Sub:* "Mmmm, yes, — how do you spell that last name?"

*September 17:* Today the boys of Classes I and II were called to the hall, where they were informed that there are 620 odd boys in the two classes. . . .

*September 18:* Overheard in a certain English class:

*Master:* "Take the sentence, 'The farmer's daughter went to milk the cow every morning before breakfast,' boys.

Now analyze the verb very carefully. What mood, Idiotson?"

*Idiotson:* "The cow."

*September 23:* Overheard in 331:

"Be a noble,

Not a knave;

Caesar uses

Burma-Shave."

*September 25:* Overheard in 317:

*Master:* "How do you eliminate the feet in computing a total force problem, Smirch?"

*Smirch:* "Amputation?"

*October 1:* Overheard during a meeting of the German Club:

*President* (to exasperating member): "Sie sind dick."

*Member:* "But, sir, that'd be illegal; my name's Orville."

*October 3:* Concerning "hundreds" on physics tests: They said it couldn't be done . . . couldn't be done . . . couldn't be done . . . and, gosharootie!, it couldn't!

*October 7:* Overheard during the J.A. Assembly:

*Demosthenes:* ". . . And in closing, I would like to thank Mr. Kazody — Kosnowfski? — Kahooski? — Hoo? Hah? — . . ."

*Mr. K.:* "Well, er, ah, yesss."

*October 8:* Overheard:

*Sub:* "What does 'plastic' mean?"

*Zilch:* "Ahh, ductile, sir."

*Sub:* "What does ductile mean? Like a duck?"

*Zilch:* "It means malleable, sir."

*Sub:* "Hmmm, and what does malleable mean?"

*Zilch:* "Plastic, of course, sir."

*October 9:* Wanted by Mr. Carroll: Sixteen strong boys resembling horses, to help pull apart his Magdeburg hemispheres.

*October 14:* Edict No. 1066: Smoking is not permitted in any part of this building. Please do not light your cigarette until you reach the street. The street is Atlantic Avenue.

*October 15:* Ye R.R.R. saved three dollars today by having his picture taken by the police instead of *Vantine's*. Something wrong, Mr. Gordon?

*October 16:* Overheard in 319:

*Dan:* "How did you do on that last problem, Moe?"

*Stan:* "I was close, sir."

*Dan:* "How close, Moe?"

*Stan:* "Oh, about two seats away."

*October 20:* Overheard in 124:

*Master:* "Yes, yes, go on, translate. . . 'And Achilles was amazed . . .' — as well he might be — . . ."

*Shark:* "And Achilles was amazed, as well he might be. . ."

*Master:* "....."

*October 21:* Ye R.R.R. caught two seniors smoking in the physics lab today; they explained, however, that they were "merely observing the effect of Brownian thermal motion on smoke particles."

*October 22:* Overheard in 207:

*Master (while reading story):* "It sounds vaguely obscene, and if there's one thing I hate, it's vagueness."

*October 23:* Ye R.R.R. got his report card today. He wishes that all his teachers had taken heed to a certain message in the bulletin a while ago. Get what we mean?

*October 24:* Overheard in 333:

*Master:* "Young man, you can't sleep in my class."

*Pupil:* "I could, sir, if you would stop talking."

*October 25:* What student in Room 311 is opening a meat market in Breisach?

*October 27:* FLASH! *Major Kelly saves school from fiery death!* During gym period today the fuse box short-circuited, starting a fire. One frantic senior went so far as to run out into the corridor and drag in a fire-extinguisher. However, Major Kelly stepped in at that moment and blew the fire out with one mighty breath. . . .

*October 28:* Overheard:

*Class (in unison):* "Z-Z-Z-Z."

*Master:* "I know this is terribly boring, boys but please bear with me. . . ."

*October 29:* Overheard outside 207:

*Big Stan:* "Howja do on the SQT's, Little Melvin?"

*Little Melvin:* "MERIToriously, of course! Hyuk, hyuk, hyuk . . . AARGHHH!!!"

*October 30:* Overheard during a meeting of the German Club:

*Master:* "Can you tell me the name of a famous German philosopher, Eulenspiegel?"

*Eulenspiegel:* "Gosh, sir, I can't."

*Master:* "That's right! Immanuel Kant!"

*October 31:* Thought we were going to put in something about Halloween, hah? Fooled you, hah? Well, . . .

*November 3:* Overheard:

*Master:* "Now boys, take the diagonal of the parallel-el-el-clo . . . parallel-lll-ooo-gah . . . par-allelo-gum . . . Oh, shucks! You get the idea, anyway."

*November 5:* Today Ye R.R.R. attended *The Second Annual Greater Boston Better Breakfast Committee Breakfast Press Conference for High School Editors and Advisers*, presided over by the chairman of T.S.A.G.B.B.C.B. etc.

*November 6:* Overheard at the end of the U. N. Assembly:

*Chairman:* "We'd like to thank Mr. Gurgles for talking with us today. Do you have anything to add, sir?"

*Mr. Gurgles:* "Well I'd like to clarify that . . ."

*November 7:* The Aviation Club has made a deal with the Music Appreciation Club to drop members off at Mr. Finn's house via parachute for those Saturday night "meetings."

*November 10:* Overheard:

*Master:* "The paperwanger heighs porty founds, boys."

*Class (in unison):* "Just stick to the problems in the book, sir."

*November 12:* Will wonders never cease?

Today Ye R.R.R. actually saw two sixties going down a Down stairway.

*November 13:* A saga in 301:

*The master is giving special exams, after school, to Class II boys. The fire-bells ring:* "Ha! They must be testing the bells. We go on."

*The bells ring again:* "Ho! The wires must be crossed. We go on."

*Fire engines approach:* "Hm! This is a fireproof building. We go on."

*Smoke invades the room:* "Has everyone finished the test? If not, we go on."

*November 14:* It has been predicted by "sources" that within four years the R.R.R. column will no longer be. Why not now? —



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